

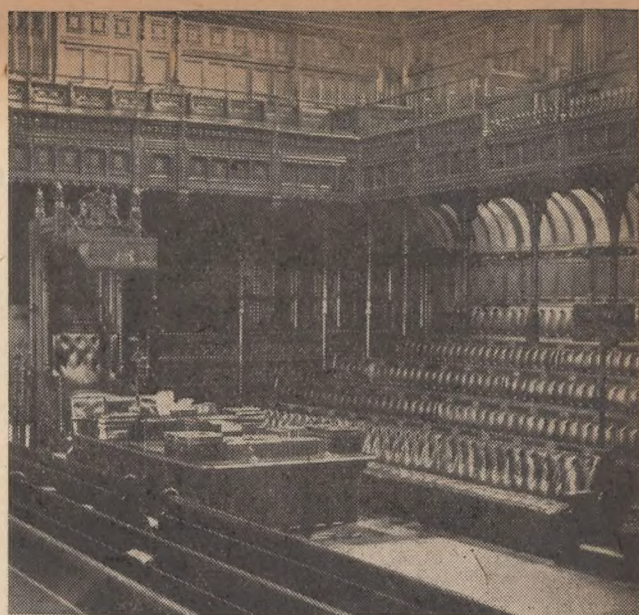
Good Morning

S66

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

How Whips Work in Parliament

THE Party Whips in the House of Commons play a vital part in its working, and without them the business of the House would often be delayed and the debates chaotic. Yet their existence is not officially recognised, they have no place in the "Constitution," and, I believe, are not even mentioned in the numerous "Standing Orders" that govern the working of the House! It is very typical of British political institutions. Just as Prime Minister was for more than a century not a recognised official position and the occupant draws his salary as First Lord of the Treasury, so the Chief Whip exists officially and is paid as Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, and the assistant whips of the Government Party are Junior Lords of the Treasury.



Interior of Commons

The Imitation of Christ

By Thomas à Kempis

★ **W**HATEVER is done with love in the heart is fruitful.

For God regards the affection and love put into the act, than the value of the act itself. He does much who loves much.

He does much who does well, with all his might. He does well who has his eyes on the common good rather than on his own.

For he who has true charity seeks himself in nothing.

He envies no man, because he loves no private joy; nor does he desire to rejoice in himself. He does things because of charity.

EVERY day try and find a short time when you can regard your own heart and the progress you are making.

No man securely speaks, but he who has learned to keep his peace.

No man can scarcely command, but he who has learned to obey.

No man securely rejoices, but he who knows his own conscience.

No man deserves rest and comfort but he who has worked and resisted.

WE must not be too easy in giving credit to every word or suggestion. Carefully weigh up the matter, according to God.

Good men do not heed every report, for they know man's weakness and their own.

It is wisdom not to be rash in our doings, nor to maintain too obstinately our own opinions. In this way, a man may be-

come wise according to God and expert in many things. The more humble a man is in his own opinions, the wiser will he be in all things. And his heart will be at peace.

ENDEAVOUR to be patient in supporting the quirks and peculiarities of others. For you, too, have your defects.

If you cannot change yourself to what you would become, what right have you to try and change others?

We would willingly have others perfect, but we can't mend our own faults.

How seldom do we use the self-same balance to weigh others in as we use to weigh ourselves in!

There is no man without some defect; no man without some burden.

IN these positions they draw salaries of £2,000 and £1,000 a year respectively, an indication of the importance attached to the position. Incidentally, probably no office holders work harder for their money, for although their work for the Treasury is now non-existent and the posts are sinecures, their work for the Government calls for long hours in the House, the exercise of constant vigilance and diplomacy, and on occasions considerable nervous strain.

To the public, the work of the "Whips" consists in making Members "toe the line" and pushing them into the "right" division lobby, whatever may be their private inclinations. Actually, the matter is not so simple as this. Although ensuring that the Government gets a majority or the Opposition polls its maximum strength, is an important part of the work of the Whips, it is by no means all the work.

The term "Whip" is derived from "whipper-in" at hunting, and was at first used rather contemptuously. But the name stuck, and to-

day there is nothing contemptuous about it. But for the Whips, many Members would have to put in very much longer hours in the House or else run the risk of "letting down" their Party at critical divisions. The term "Whip" is also applied to the printed summons to attend the House which is issued by the Whip to each member of his Party when there is to be a division.

The importance of the division can be judged by the number of times the significant words in the "whip" are underlined. A witty M.P. once defined whips as follows: A one-line whip means "You ought to attend," a two-line whip "You should attend," a three-line whip "You must attend," a four-line whip "You stay away at your peril." In fact, whips on critical occasions have been underlined six times, and such is the negative effect of over-emphasis that a two-line whip became the minimum. Some time ago, a Whip seeking some method of making a whip even more emphatic, introduced thick underlining in red.

The position of Chief Whip to the Government Party originated as "Patronage Secretary," in the days when those in power openly used money and patronage to ensure Members voting the right way. That has all gone, of course, and the only force that a Whip can use to-day is reason. He may occasionally threaten a Member who fails him with Party discipline, but he is much more likely to try to persuade him of the importance of voting.

The Whip has to be a combination of diplomat, business man, confidant and general. He must know each Member and be a considerable psychologist. He must keep a check on the movements of Members and know where they are to be found in an emergency. He must not allow himself to be "out-guessed" by the other side and lose a "snap" division. He must constantly keep his eye on the House and ensure that there is a majority of Government Members present. When there is a division, he is to be seen outside the division lobbies, guiding his "sheep" into the Aye or Noe lobby as required.

The duties of the Whips, however, go far beyond ensuring the attendance of Members at the House and guiding them into the right lobby at a division. By discussion and agreement amongst themselves, the Whips of all Parties to a degree organise the business of the House, and at important debates decide which Members shall speak. Ultimately, of course, the right to speak depends upon catching the Speaker's eye, but arrangement by the Whips can prevent chaos and ensure an orderly and representative debate.

Then again, the Whips arrange the "pairs," the very convenient system by which Members who wish to absent themselves from the House for any reason can ensure that a Member of the opposite Party will also be ab-

sent, so that their votes "cancel out." There is a special book for recording the names of those who wish to "pair" and the period for which they wish to be absent. It is one of the Whips' tasks to see that no Member is absent unpaired. Finally, the Whips play an important part in keeping the "rank and file" in touch with the leaders. It is they who keep the leaders informed of that undefinable and yet definite something we call "the sense of the House," and on occasions they may act as go-betweens for the leaders of the various Parties to bring about compromises or arrangements. They are, in fact, the Chiefs-of-Staff and the Adjutant-Generals of the Parties in the battles of the House.

The House may be empty of Ministers, the debate tedious in the extreme, the attendance very "thin," but always you will find there the Whips in attendance, ready to leap into action if a division threatens.

The Whips rarely speak, but when a "snap" division threatens to defeat the Government, a Whip may keep talking while his "reserves" are being brought up to enter the division lobbies. On one memorable occasion most of the Government Party were at Ascot when a division threatened. The Whips kept the debate going long enough for a special train chartered on the instant to bring the necessary Members back to do their duty in the division lobbies!

In their work, of course, the Whips are helped by clerks and messengers, who are constantly noting the coming and going of Members. A good Whip is rarely taken by surprise, for he knows exactly where his forces are, not only how many are actually in the Chamber listening to the debate, but how many are within call during the six minutes that elapse between putting the question and closing the doors for the division. A good Whip who can apply discipline and make it look like taking advice, get the good debaters up and the garrulous ones down, is worth his weight in gold to his Party. He is generally rewarded with a peerage.

The date of the first "whip" is not known. It was probably issued by King Charles II, who, according to Pepys, on one occasion gave an order to the Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses to bid all M.P.s to attend.

J. M. Michaelson

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

-And Plato speaks here

Socrates here shows his method of questioning to find the truth. He is talking to a young man, Meno.

Socrates: All right, Meno, let's have your version; what is virtue?

Meno: That's fairly easy, because there are plenty of kinds of virtue. A man should know how to administer the state and how to take care of himself and his friends. A woman should know how to stand by her husband, look after the family. And so on. There's a different kind of virtue for everything.

Socrates: Come on now, Meno. I've asked you for the definition of virtue and you present me with a whole flock of them. Suppose I ask you, "What is a bee?"—would you answer, "There are plenty of bees?"

Meno: Well, I agree that there is not much difference between one bee and another.

Socrates: All right. In other words, what I have asked you is not what differences there are between virtues, but what do they have in common.

Meno: Well, it's like this. Virtue is what does good to anyone.

Socrates: How do you mean, "good"? Good for what? Take man, for instance.

Meno: One of the things good for man would be to get more property, money; or at least enough for his needs.

Socrates: Undoubtedly, that's a good thing. But is that the power we call virtue? Don't you, for instance, think that the way in which cash is got is of some consequence? **Meno:** Well, of course.

Socrates: Then justice, temperance, holiness—some of these must accompany the act of getting cash in order to make it virtue?

Meno: Yes, so it seems.

Socrates: So you have yourself shown that merely to get cash is no more virtue than not to get it; whatever is accompanied by justice and honesty is virtue; whatever lacks these is vice. **Meno:** I agree.

Socrates: Come, now, Meno. We've got no forrader on this.

What is Virtue?

You are showing fragments of virtue—honesty, justice, decency, holiness—if these accompany various acts, then these are virtue. You have come back to your swarm of bees, each of which, you agreed, were not so different. Then what is in common between these virtuous acts. In other words, what is virtue?

Meno: You're getting me flummoxed.

Socrates: Flummoxed? You mean, you're beginning to have doubts. And to doubt is to take the first steps in wisdom. And wisdom is the knowledge of yourself, of others and of things, in that order. More, wisdom is virtue; virtue is wisdom. The man who knows and seeks the truth fully, always seeking and always desirous of seeing the whole truth—that man cannot help but be virtuous. And whatever has the wisdom of truth behind it is virtue. Got that?

Meno: Yes, I'm beginning to see what you mean.

Socrates: Seek, then, the truth about yourself; about things; and you are certain to be virtuous.

THIS IS THE SOCRATIC TEACHING.

WHATEVER you do, whether choosing a career, making any of the bigger decisions: think hard, much and closely about it. Question, probe, put up counter-arguments and get to the truth. Believe in truth and the search for truth; and be sure that if men think strenuously and honestly, they will reach the right views about life. Above all, be humble in your views; hold your convictions firmly, but welcome criticism and try to learn from it; and if you criticise others' views, then try and learn from your own criticism. That is the Socratic teaching. No one has ever bettered it.



P.O. Bert Parker, Here's Doreen

MRS. DOREEN PARKER, of 13 Clarefield Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield, listens for the postman's footsteps with more than ordinary interest these days. Naturally, she is always anxious to hear from her hubby, Petty Officer Bert Parker—and the Bert is not short for Herbert, by the way.

But it was his wire that set her trembling with excitement. It was timed to reach her on her 21st birthday—and in it Bert said he had sent a parcel of silk stockings, cosmetics, and other delectable items. And, like any other attractive young lady in these days of rationing, Doreen was thrilled.

That is why, although she was on a short holiday from working in the dining-room at a big Sheffield factory, she scarcely left the doorstep, waiting for the precious parcel to arrive. And to keep her company she had "Queenie," the

15-year-old family pet, who, when he was being photographed with Doreen, with the doorway as a frame, was dropping off to sleep.

"Anyhow, I was grateful that Bert's wire came on my birthday. All I live for is to hear from him and to know he is all right," she told a "Good Morning" reporter.

They were married a year last Christmas Eve, when Bert was on a rush leave, so you can guess what a hectic time it was making such hurried preparations. But what a double celebration!

They lived near to each other—Bert at his family's tobacconist's shop—but it was only since the war that they "fell" for each other. "Tell Bert I am busy looking in shops for furniture to build that home we have always dreamed about, but things are dear," said Doreen. And all's well at home, Bert.

After Dinner, Cannibals Play Chess (reports Martin Thornhill)

IN the unbroken hush which is essential to the game, strong Forces teams are playing members of the famous Lud-Eagle Chess Club. The number of keen chess-players in the Services wouldn't surprise you if you knew that 80,000 enthusiasts have been organised by the Chess Federation in Britain alone.

In fact, there are few sit-down games more popular than chess, especially in prisoners-of-war camps. From these the demand is so heavy that the entertainments section of the Red Cross Society lately issued a special appeal for sets. And they're still in short supply, particularly on lonely A.A. gun-sites, where you frequently find fellows playing with chess-men made from candles, cotton reels and cartridges.

One set, by an ex-motor mechanic, consists of sparking plugs, steel bolts, compression springs, screws and valve covers.

Some games go on for months, years. An R.A.M.C. man in the Middle East is still playing a game which he began with a man in London—by air-graph—18 months ago. It took fifteen of these in which to make three moves. But the Censor was partly to blame for that; he held up one air-graph on the suspicion that it was a secret code.

Another match, arranged through the Correspondence Chess Association between an Australian and a Yorkshireman, went on for ten years. Even then the game ended in stalemate.

One of the strangest facts about this game among the black and white squares is that child stars often beat old hands.

Capablanca, world champion, began playing at four; at eight he was second-best player in Cuba, where the game has many zealous fans. Elaine Saunders was only ten when she won the world's championship for girls under 21. And Elaine had been beating her father, who was no mean hand at the game, since she was six.

Some exponents are such experts that they can play the game under any conditions. Richard Reti, for example, set up a record by playing 24 games simultaneously and blindfold. Of these, he lost three.

Modern chess has been played in England for at least 900 years. It seems it was William of Normandy's skill at it that led to the invasion of 1066.

Traced back to the Indians and the Persians, the game subsequently came to Italy and Spain, then to Germany and Northern Europe. How it reached Britain is not exactly a history-book tale.

It is said that William of Normandy, while playing chess with the French king, got huffy at having always to let the king win, and threw the board at His Majesty, whereupon William wisely fled the country.

that in the rougher and mountainous country of Algeria, Morocco and Syria the little "burro" is almost invariably used for riding, as a pack-horse, to turn the water-wheels at the deep wells, and, on the cultivatable plateaux, even for ploughing and harrowing.

Cyprus has a profitable industry in the animals, and our troops in Syria use a breed specially imported from the island.

Did you know that the donkey is a first-cousin to the zebra? Our domestic ass is, in fact, a mongrel of the first degree. Perhaps that is what makes him so hardy, descended as he is from wild asses hailing from a dozen different countries, especially Egypt, Somaliland and Spain.

Donkey Derbies used to be as popular as horse-racing is today. But the prudes grew alarmed, and soon local councils were prohibiting the gatherings as "assemblages of vice and degeneracy."

Latterly we have come to regard donkeys as inseparable from seaside sands, where old John Todd, the Donkey King, and others like him, made the beaches jollier and gave thousands of kiddies—and adults—their only "horseback" ride of the year.

Every visitor to Ramsgate knew Old John in the good old days before the war. Before he could rake in the tanners, a donkey-ride proprietor had to pay a large sum for the beach-riding rights. In the year before the war John offered Ramsgate Council £300 for the usual monopoly. Someone else over-bid him, but over a thousand of his many friends and customers helped him out, and Old John remained on the same sands where he had worked for sixty years.

When the last of the holiday-makers departed and the sunny beaches were deserted, thousands of Neddies went into winter quarters. Margate's donkeys used to winter on a farm at Sturry, where their owners paid about £2 a head for the winter's board and lodging.

Sunday Thoughts

What beautiful fruit! I love fruit when it's expensive!

Sir Arthur Pinero.

It is very difficult to get up resentment towards persons whom one has never seen.

Cardinal Newman.

Perhaps that is how he found his way to England, and not, as some schoolroom primers tell us, because in a moment of boyish enthusiasm the English sovereign-apparent had promised him England's throne.

There are signs, however, that the Romans had previously brought the game to England in some form. At many points on the old Roman roads you find inns with the Chequers sign; probably innkeepers along the Roman ways used to hang out a chess-board to induce travellers to come in and "have one," along with a game.

But how many of its devotees know that the game of their choice has for centuries been the national pastime of cannibals?

The Battaks of Sumatra, who are chess players, are the filthiest people in the world. The average tribesman does not seem to know cleanliness in its simplest form.

Cannibalism among them was prohibited by Dutch decree in 1907. All the same, it was believed to have continued for years afterwards, while they sent abroad those outstanding chess players who set up many high records against European champions.

Good old Days Mighta been worse

I DID not know until I stubbed my toe against it, what the world of fifty years ago had found a last refuge in my attic. There it lay in the dust, buried alive between the covers of a yellowed year book for 1884.

One might do worse than take a mental bath in out-of-date facts and statistics. It is distinctly disillusioning—and not a little refreshing—to learn that the Victorians spent a third of their national income on the Army and Navy.

Even then the French had a larger fleet, by one ship, while Tommy was underpaid!

In 1884 we had just fought two wars and were engaged in

factories went sky-high. Murders occurred in Palestine.

Theatres caught fire, with inevitable fatalities. Five thousand people were killed or injured in railway accidents.

Hitler at his worst has been able to sink no more than 28 British ships a month. In 1883, 98 British ships were totally lost at sea every month, and some 5,000 ships met with casualties that year, with a loss of 990 lives.

At that, the peril at sea had abated considerably since 1880. Perhaps that is why Victorian artists were so fond of shipwrecks, lifeboatmen and Grace Darling.

As a sidelight on Victorian manners, there is the footnote: "Perhaps the most notable wreck of the year, at least in its results, was that of the yacht Mignonette. Three of the crew who were saved admitted having killed their companion, a cabin boy, and devoured his body, in order to appease their hunger."

Nor were the good old days as leisurely as we imagine. Under steam and sail, the 7,000-ton "Alaska" regularly crossed the Atlantic in six days.

Great - great - great - grandmother of the "Queen Elizabeth," the Cunarder "Oregon," set up a record time by slicing off hours. At least five express trains achieved a "velocity" (as they said) of over 50 m.p.h.

Tricycling was the rage on the roads. "The tricycle is the machine destined eventually to supersede the bicycle, except for racing purposes," forecast the Victorians. "Tricycles to carry light parcels are now in general use."

The tricycling champion covered a mile in three minutes, and a Mr. Sutton rode from London to Edinburgh in 24 hours. It took a veteran, 78-year-old Major Knox Holmes, to set up a new 115-mile tricycling record at the Crystal Palace.

THE SINGING DOLL.

Were they more home-loving? There were as many theatres then as now. Perhaps someone will claim that they had no mechanical entertainment in the home.

My attic ghost has an advertisement for the Musical

Reflects H. A. Albert

Cabinetto, "unrivalled for dance music, it performs every description of Music, Sacred or Secular."

There was, too, the "Marvellous Singing Doll, a Prima-Donna in Every Home, tailed with shouts of welcome wherever introduced."

In fact, there's a lot we've forgotten about the Victorians. We've forgotten about the remarkable exploits of Dr. Zintgraff, of Bonn, who trekked through the Central African jungles with a phonograph in search of the dialects of savage tribes.

What has become of his phonograms, as he called his records, I wonder? And why did the dream of an Atlantic telephone take so long to come true when 7,000-mile messages to Calcutta "came through with great clearness" in 1884?

Hull and Liverpool used electric light, and then turned back to gas. "There is no chance of London being electrically lighted just yet," said Whitaker, 56 years ago.

The entire German-speaking people of Europe, including Switzerland, numbered no more than 58,000,000 in 1884.

Income tax in Britain was only 6d. in the £. The national Budget was only £80,000,000. But there were 198,572 people in prison, including 387 children under twelve.

Only 145 cases of divorce cropped up in 1884, and bankruptcies were few.

Is Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Lisbon's worst year was 1755, when three earthquakes virtually destroyed the city. The sea receded from the harbour, leaving shipping high and dry, but a gigantic 60ft. tidal wave suddenly overwhelmed the great crowd of sightseers, and the rest of the 60,000 population who had escaped the quakes were wiped out.

The American Stars and Stripes is older than the Union Jack in its present form, for the former was adopted by Congress in 1777, while the Union Jack was the outcome of the Union with Ireland in 1801.

Words Without Music

—By Request

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LEADING STOKER E. W. DAVIES, of H.M. Submarine "Sickle," says he can whistle the latest songs, but just can't get the hang of the words. Can we help? We can. E. W. The Southern Music Publishing Company kindly allow us to print some of their songs in this column. What's more, sheet copies of the songs are being distributed to places where those of you who can tickle the keys will be able to use them.

★

FRENESI.

(Words by Ray Charles and S. K. Russell. Music by Alberto Dominguez.)

Some time ago I wandered down into Old Mexico. While I was there I felt romance ev'rywhere. Moon was shining bright, and I could hear laughing voices in the night. Ev'ryone was gay; this was the start of their holiday. It was Fiesta down in Mexico, And so I stopp'd awhile to see the show.

I knew that "Frenesi" meant "Please love me."

And I could say "Frenesi."

A lovely senorita caught my eye;

I stood enchanted as she wander'd by,

And never knowing that it came from me,

I gently sigh'd "Frenesi."

She stopp'd and rais'd her eyes to mine,

Her lips just pleaded to be kiss'd,

Her eyes were soft as candle-shine,

So how was I to resist?

And now without a heart to call my own,

A greater happiness I've never known,

Because her kisses are for me alone.

Who wouldn't say "Frenesi"? Who wouldn't say "Frenesi"?

KISS ME (Besame Mucho).

(Music by Consuelo Velasquez. English lyric, Sunny Skylar.) Kiss me again. Kiss me, my darling;

Each time I cling to your kiss I hear music divine;

Besame Mucho, Besame Mucho, Hold me, my darling, and say that you'll always be mine.

This joy is something new, My arms enfolding you,

Never knew this thrill before; Who ever thought I'd be

Holding you close to me, Whisp'ring "It's you I adore."

Dearest one, if you should leave me,

Each little dream would take wing and my life would be through.

Besame Mucho, Love me for ever and make all my dreams come true.

Love me for ever and make all my dreams come true.

Love me for ever and make all my dreams come true.

Love me for ever and make all my dreams come true.

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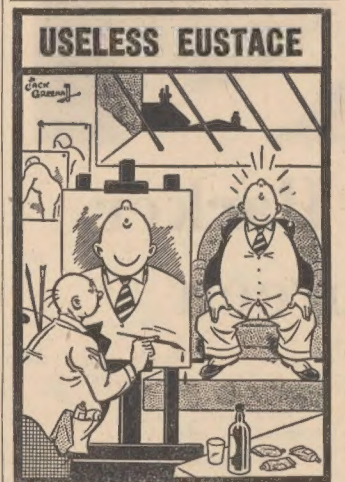
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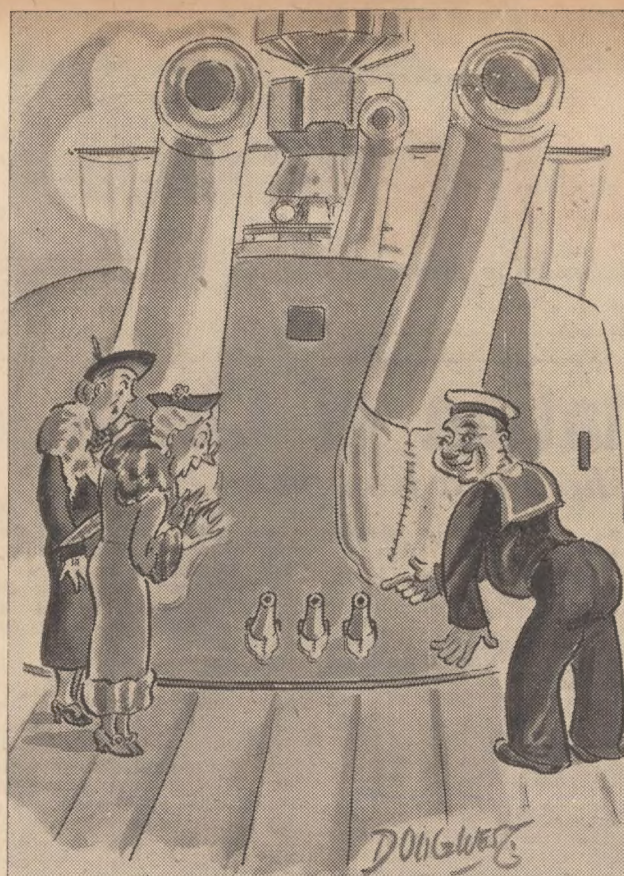
"I wish you'd stop looking up, sir! I keep tellin' you they're ours passing over!"

a third. The Maoris complained to Queen Victoria of aggression. The French were waging war on the Chinese. The Russians had a Jewish problem.

DISASTER TALE.

There were serious riots against the Salvation Army. Churches were destroyed by earthquakes in Essex. Infernal machines were discovered in the nick of time at Charing Cross and Paddington.

Dynamite explosions shook Victoria, Scotland Yard and St. James's. Nitro-glycerine



"—and on Sundays we fire these little ones."

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

TAKING into account the wealth of regulations introduced as war measures in this country, it isn't at all surprising that stamp collectors now in the Forces should feel uncertain whether or not they can bring or send home stamps purchased abroad.

The rules set down by the Stamp Import and Export Control are pretty stringent, and they apply to members of the Forces equally with dealers and civilian collectors.

It is well, therefore, to know exactly what they are. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Stanley Phillips, who deals with this matter in "Gibbons Stamp Monthly."

The first of these rules (he writes) is that it is illegal to bring, or send, into this country any postage stamps unless an import licence has first been obtained from the Stamp Import and Export Control, and unless such stamps come into the country through the Control.

If the stamps are sent in by post, the Censor will intercept them, while if they are brought in by yourself or anyone else, that is the concern of the Customs authorities. In either case, there is power to confiscate the stamps if no import licence has been obtained in advance.

Apart from the general rule banning entry of all stamps without an import licence, there are certain groups of stamps which may not be brought in at all.

For example, no stamps of any kind may be imported from Canada, Newfoundland, the United States, the foreign countries of South and Central America, the French Colonies, Syria, Lebanon, Algeria, Tunisia, the occupied parts of Italy, the neutral States of Europe, and, of course, enemy or enemy-occupied territory.

This rule is a strict one, and infringement is not likely to be overlooked even if it is done in ignorance. A dealer who broke the rule would probably be prosecuted.

It will be noted that this rule relates to the place from which stamps are brought, and therefore refers to stamps of all kinds coming from those parts of the world, whether Empire or foreign, Allied or enemy.

It therefore covers the issues of North Africa after the Allied occupation and also the A.M.G.O.T. and other Allied issues made in Italy, as well as ordinary Italian and Vichy issues.

These last two groups are banned also under another very strict rule, which forbids not only the importation of, but all dealings in, the stamps issued by enemy or enemy-occupied countries or territories since the beginning of the war, or the date of occupation by the enemy.

This rule should be carefully noted, as members of the Forces who may find themselves on the European Continent will no doubt often be offered stamps of Germany, Italy, the German-occupied territories, or the Vichy regime, and may be tempted to buy them.

It is illegal to do this; and it is illegal to attempt to bring the stamps into this country; and it is illegal to try to sell them to anyone if you do bring them in.

Mr. Phillips imagines that "the authorities would not be too drastic if stamps which were bought by a member of the Forces simply for his own collection were brought in or sent in through ignorance of the regulations, and provided that the stamps did not fall into any of the classes of which the importation is entirely prohibited under other regulations... but it is not safe to rely on the official blind eye."

In other words, declare what stamps you want to bring into the country for your private collection, and hope for official leniency. The stamps illustrated here are a Serbian overprint, a commemorative of the 25th anniversary of the Danish Aircraft Corporation, and some items from a long set for the French Indian Settlements, Pictorial and Exhibition types overprinted France Libre with the Cross of Lorraine.

Alex Cracks

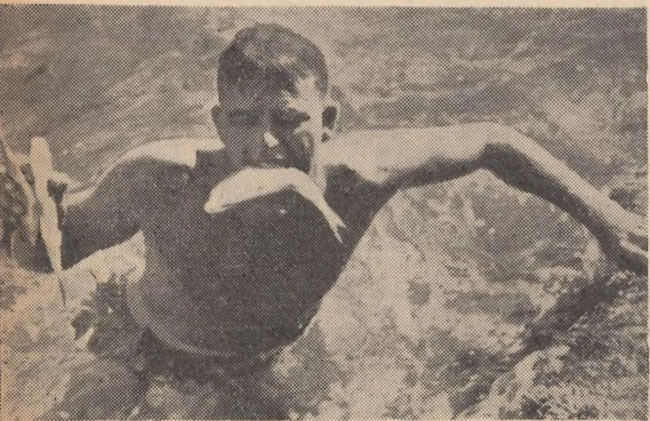
A telegraph messenger boy delivered a telegram the other day to No. 10 Downing Street. As he handed it in he enquired: "Name of Churchill?"

Good Morning

FACTUAL FISHING



"Well, you see, sir, it was at least so big, and I know jolly well I'd have won the competition, but somehow the darned thing got away, and, well — there you are."



Australians fishing at Tobruk. This is a true fishing story. You are not asked to believe that the swimmer gathers fish with hands and teeth. He merely picks them up this way after they have been killed by explosion.



Complete with face-mask, Frank Cunliffe, of New South Wales, dives 18 feet under water with four-feet-long harpoon, and claims to pick out his prey. Boy, can he do it? Well, there's one victim suffered a nasty tail-spin.



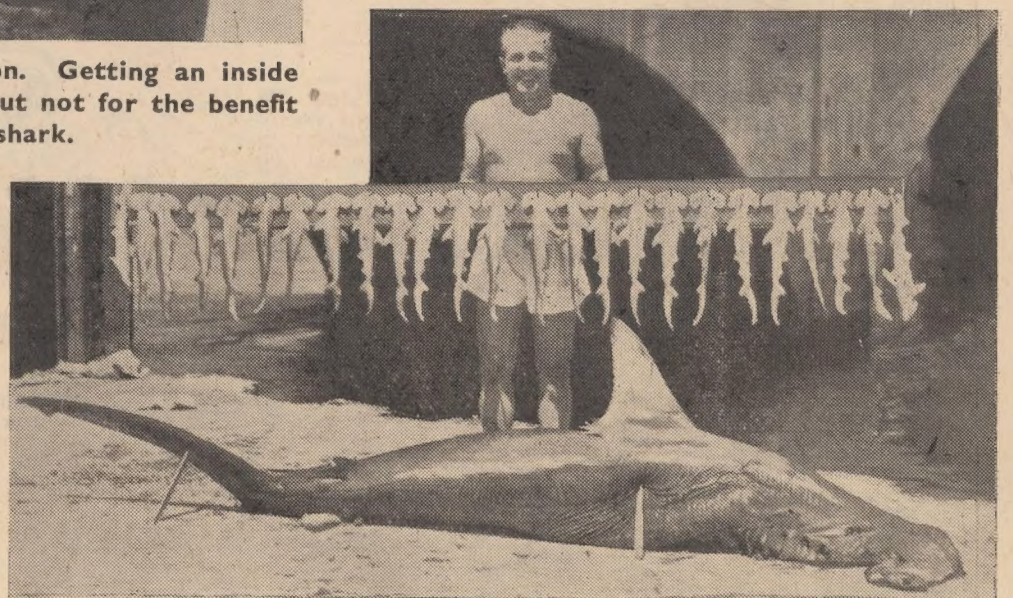
Having a whale of a time. A harvest of whales caught and slain by the killer ships, moored to the stern of a factory ship, each waiting its turn to be hauled up the runaway to the cutting-up deck.



A slight dental extraction. Getting an inside story on sharks' teeth, but not for the benefit of the shark.



London evacuees learn how eels are caught, and not by a London fisherman either. Harry Pope, one of Deerhurst's most experienced Severn river-men, exhibits one of his samples.



Twenty-six hammer-head sharks at one strike, and with one hook. When the shark was brought ashore and cut open, Alexander Ott introduced the light of day to 25 baby sharks.